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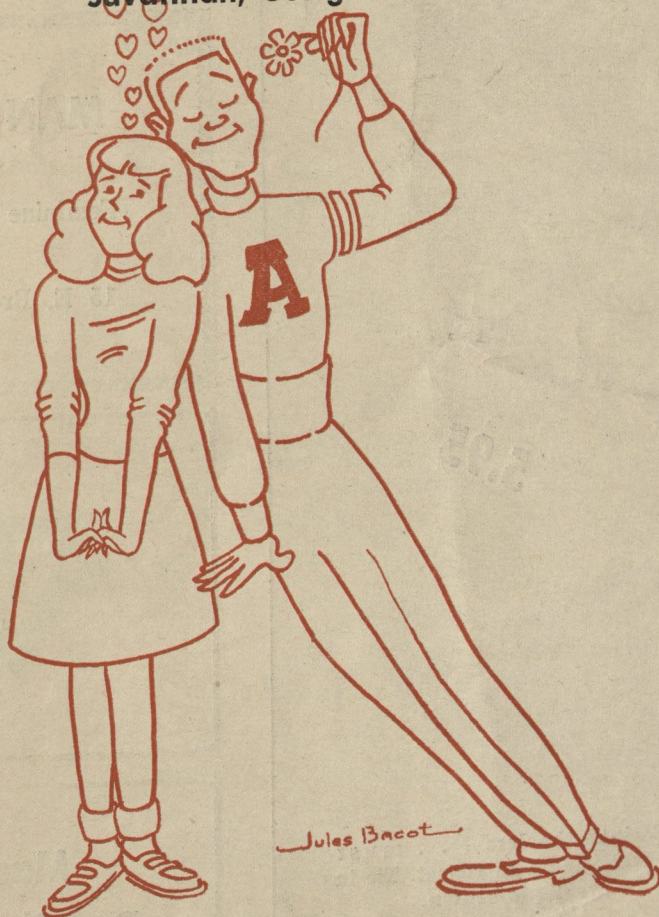
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The INKWELL

of
ARMSTRONG JUNIOR COLLEGE
Savannah, Georgia



VALENTINE'S DAY

William L. Worrell

The day of all true lovers; the day when two hearts are joined by one Dan Cupid's bow and arrow: St. Valentine's Day.

This joyful day of love-making has degenerated in these modern times to the sending of gaudy little pieces of paper with trite verses or caricatures with jovial insults. But such was not the case in the grandparent's day or earlier. In 1863 one of the staid old Boston newspapers was moved to remark, "Indeed, with the exception of Christmas there is no festival belonging to this cherished anniversary." This statement is easily understood when we hear of some of the queer customs of our ancestors concerning this event.

In Derbyshire, England, Valentine's Day was an important day in the life of any fair young maiden. Her immediate future was decided as soon as she arose from the arms of Morpheus. The first thing she had to do was to go to the door and peep through the keyhole. If she saw only one object, she was destined to remain single for the rest of the year. If by some strange twist of fate she saw two objects she was certain to have a lover before the year was out. But oh, joy upon joy! If she should happen to see a rooster and a hen through her keyhole, she would be married within the year.

In many countries the custom was to place the names of young lads and lasses in a box and then to draw the names out on this holiday, thus pairing off the couples to be each others' Valentine for a year. This practice would seem crude to the modern male. All he needs to do is stand on the corner of Bull and Broughton Streets and pick (up) his Valentine.

Even Ophelia, in William Shakespeare's immortal "Hamlet" (that screwball who doesn't know whether to be or not to be), points out an old custom of St. Valentine's Day: "Good morrow! 'tis St. Valentine's Day

All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine."

This refers to the old English custom of the boy claiming the first girl he sees in a window as his Valentine.

There you have it, fellows: three ways to get a Valentine . . . buy some femme a couple of chickens, win her in a lottery, or just go and look.

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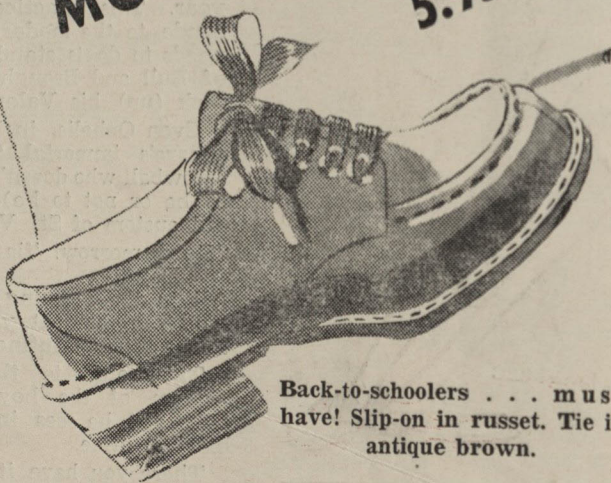
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ON THE BOOKSHELF

Faye Hancock

Now circulating in the pool of good literature is Nevil Shute's "Vinland, The Good." It is written in the form of a screen-play, and is, of course, liberally sprinkled with directions which mar somewhat the smoothness of the reading. However, it's still an intensely interesting relation of the true discovery of America. It is chock-full of the dry, English humor at its best.

The story concerns a young professor who has just returned from the army to his old job in a public school. The headmaster immediately saddles him with a course in American history, because the other professors look with scorn upon the study of anything American. The headmaster should have known better, since this same young professor once put the "Lower Sixth" to writing in Greek Iambics an account of Mae West taking tea with the Archbishop of Canterbury. Nevertheless, young Mr. Callender was given the course, and he immediately set about making it interesting.

There follows an uproarious tale of how Eric the Red was expelled from Norway and Iceland because he didn't use his hatchet to chop down trees; (there were several homicides involved) and his consequent migration to Greenland. It also tells of Lief Erickson and his romantic escapades, and of the dream of the beautiful Thorgunna, of Hy Breasail, the Happy Land. Erickson set about finding this land with directions from a Norseman named Bjarni, who has been there before. Thus America was discovered.

The primitive notions and laws of the people of this book are shockingly funny. Too, the reaction of the headmaster to the outspoken Mr. Callender's history lesson is one that you won't want to miss.

Religion In Higher Education?

James Wood

Does religion have a place in higher education? Should religion have a place in higher education? It is the opinion of the writer of this article that there is and should be a definite place for religious instruction in institutions of learning. Armstrong neither has now nor has ever had a course in religion, or a course which might be called such.

In the two-year course at Armstrong the Bible is studied—and that very briefly—only as a type of literature.

It is my opinion that courses in Religion should be taught and required. They need not, and could not be courses in Christianity or Hebraism or Buddhism, but they could cover the general philosophy or religion. This subject can and should be taught, and by a trained and qualified instructor, not one who has majored in science or language, but who has made theology his life's study.

There are those who may not have the opportunity of continuing their education beyond Armstrong Junior College, and, if for only these few, a course should be offered.

We at Armstrong are receiving a one-sided education, one-sided in the respect that theology and religious philosophy have no part in it. A liberal and complete education requires that religion be a part of learning.

Gubernatorial Tangle

Charles Williamson

The present tangled situation concerning the governorship of Georgia is holding the state up to the ridicule of the entire country. It is probable that very few people in the United States as a whole know the facts of the situation and there are probably many in Georgia who are badly confused. It is therefore, worthwhile to present the essential facts in the case.

These are, briefly: First, that Eugene Talmadge received the Democratic nomination for Governor and was elected in the general election. Second, that M. E. Thompson was nominated for Lt. Governor and was likewise elected. Third, that Eugene Talmadge died on December 21, 1946, before taking office. Fourth, that the new state constitution provides that the Lt. Governor shall assume the office in the event of the death of the Governor. Another section of the state constitution provides that the man being in life and having the largest number of votes in the general election shall be declared Governor. On the basis of this clause, Herman Talmadge, the son of the late Eugene Talmadge, who had the second highest number of votes, declared himself Governor and was elected by the General Assembly. M. E. Thompson, however, declared that the intent of the framers of the constitution was that the Lt. Governor should succeed to the governorship and that the fact that Eugene Talmadge had died before taking office was of no material consequence. On this basis Mr. Thompson declared himself the legal Governor of Georgia.

The writer of this article feels that Mr. Thompson is completely in the right, and that the General Assembly of Georgia exceeded its authority in electing Herman Talmadge who had his name written

Opinion Please

THE IDEAL BOY OR GIRL

I think of my ideal man as more of a personality than the usual tall, dark, and handsome variety. I would like him to be neat, considerate, kind, well informed on current events and strong in character. I want him to be able to adapt his moods to the situation and to have his idea of what makes up a good life clear in his mind. Above all, he must love me very much! **Jane Brown . . .**

First of all, the ideal woman must be feminine (female, that is). She must be attractive, though not necessarily beautiful. She must be a good conversationalist and have a good personality. It also helps a lot if she is "built." The ideal woman must definitely not be a clinging vine or a "Gushing Gertie." If you have seen such a girl around A.J.C., pinch yourself, buddy, you are dreaming. **Louis Reisman . . .**

I would like him to remember all anniversaries with something, even if it was no more than a greeting card; to be at least a little taller than I, not too unpleasant to look at, and agreeable, even in the morning, before breakfast, when he wakes and sees me in my curlers. **Beverly Beacham . . .**

in when it seemed that his father was in bad health, a device by which the son could succeed the father. It is not right for some six or seven hundred votes to decide the outcome of an election to fill the governorship of Georgia. It is apparent that Mr. Thompson, having been duly elected to a position of second importance in the state, has a more valid claim than Herman Talmadge has by a legal technicality.



Pictured above are the candidates who vied for the title of Armstrong Beauty Queen of 1947. In the first row are; from left to right: Sally Kravitch, Jo Ann Durrence, Betty Walsh, Lorraine Crovatt, and Mary Montague. In the back row are, from left to right: Nancy Whitner, Leila Ann Nease, Paulette Hendrix, Bobbijane Cordray, Helen De Vere, Lynn Barker, Jane Brown, and Dot Johnson. Missing from the picture are: Irene Branch, Helen Quattlebaum and Leslie Snead.

SNAFU

or

A New Student Enters Armstrong Barry Sloan

Bull Street and Gaston Street extend from the 'Big' park like the legs of a pair of trousers. Where they meet is Armstrong Junior College. Standing on the lawn of the imposing Armstrong Building is a statue of Arson Beechnut, the first Armstrong instructor to receive eminence in the field of the "Application Of The Residue Of The Small Intestine Of The Porcupine To Home Baking." It was he who said, "It takes a heap o' learn-in' to make a school a school."

The freshman who is about to enter Armstrong first meets, when stepping on the campus, Lamp Pain, Half Hadlamb and Ancient Foxhole, all upperclassmen at Armstrong, the latter having remained in school to collect a pension. It is said of him that he voted for Foreground Guffaw, the president, as Outstanding Freshman of 1935, when he, Ancient, was a sophomore. To get back to the subject, Lamp, Half, and Ancient orientate the prospective student with informational data, such as, the exact location of the Misty Beer Parlor, where to buy reserved seats for assemblies, and where, who, and what "John" is.

The next step in becoming a student at Armstrong is to report to Mr. Rumisflat, the Registrar,

for final acceptance and course planning. A line of freshmen stands
(Continued on page 4)



Jack Sparkman

Basketball is now under way, and the Eager Beavers seem to have the upper hand, with Jack Grover and Harmon Corley putting in that added spark.

For AJC girls exclusively; in explanation of the boys' black eyes and split lips (especially), Coach Torrie has started boxing classes.

I probably do not have to remind "Geechee" fans that their basketball team has chalked up a season's record that AJC can be proud of, (too bad, isn't it, that we can't say as much for attendance?) One of the sparks of the quintet is fast Bobby Blake who has been slowed down by a stomach ailment. Bobby's terrific job on the floor has made him the city's leading scorer. His running mate, Bud Fonts, has also put in a good job on floorwork. But is in second slot for high scoring with captain Jack Kiley, "Chick" McGarvey, and "Piggie" Binns following in that order.

The team is strengthened by the reporting of "Skinny" Pearson and "Razor" Brewton as new members to the squad. "Skinny" has shown his ability by hitting the old bucket and "Razor" by retrieving rebounds.

Some of the unsung heroes who have helped build such a good squad are: Jack Bergman, Joe Solano, John Adams and Charlie Sparkman. These boys spend several hours a day in practice and have developed into good material. Solana and Adams are leading the scoring of our second wall.

The team has put in a splendid performance this year. It is obvious they play for the love of playing and not for AJC students. If this was the case, I'm afraid that win column would not look so impressive.

Oh yes . . . I almost forgot to mention two important characters on the squad: "Red" Colquitt and Fred Sigman. Those boys run the team (apologies to Coach Torrie). They do everything but wash J

The girls' basketball team seems to be progressing rather nicely considering their last four games. They were victorious over C. Y. C. P. the Rebels and Savannah High School, losing only to the Candler Nurses.

Polly Wise is high with a score of 130 points. Close to her is Dot De Vere with a total of 110. Dot Linton with 54 points and "Flip" Kandel with 48.

The girls intramural program has been organized. There are six teams with six members on each. Bowling on Thursdays at 5:30 P. M. at the Bull Street Alleys will soon put the program in full swing.

News Highlights Of The Month

The world had little on Armstrong during the past month, as the clock found students rampaging against political turmoil in Georgia; members of the "Geechee Minstrels" busily rehearsing; and the Dance Committee, Geechee and other clubs preparing for the school's annual Valentine dance.

And then, too, the news wasn't altogether good, for the powerful Armstrong basketball team was set back on its heels by Georgia State Teachers College . . . and then came two more successive defeats.

Students marched to the Savannah Hotel with all the energy they could muster plus signs, torches and an effigy of whom some Georgians think is their rightful Governor.

Julian Silver, who is in charge of the "Geechee Minstrels," announced that rehearsals were excellent and the show would be ready for the public on February 24.

SPARKMAN'S SPORTS

Well, I am back but things are a little different. The editors of this "mag" reprimanded me for going out on the limb with football predictions. A delay in printing removed the limb before I could retract my statements. It all goes to prove someone reads this column.

Football is over . . . God help us all, from all appearances it seemed as if a "blood raid" was to start. The Loafers (good squad—I'm biased) and Terrapins tied for first place, with the Eager Beavers and Gators following in respective order.

The doubles tennis tournament is also over. Bob Harmon and William Bird representing the Terrapins won 4 games and lost 1. The Sparkman brothers of the Loafers came in a close second, with no defeats and 4 wins. The Eager Beavers, Faculty and Gators lost all their games.

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Platter Patter

Lynn Barker and Jo Durrance

Do you think Richard will ever open that door? Do you think that poor fella will stand on that door step all night and freeze to death? For the answers to these questions tune in to "Open The Door, Richard," featuring Dusty Fletcher.

Seems like all the latest tunes have that sweet romantic touch that makes a lover's corpuscles bubble. But our advice to you, if you want to hear these three little words "I Love You," is: don't mope and be a dope, splurge and put a nickle in the juke box and hear 252 grooves of the King Cole Trio's version of "I Love You For Sentimental Reasons" on a Capitol record. It goes nicely with a big, fat moon, rippling water, and need we say more? On the other side of that Trio record is "The Best Man" which is not bad either!

For people who are lovers of Margaret Whiting, her latest records are "Guilty" and "O, But I Do."

The latest addition to the record collection of pedagogue Murphy is Bach's "Cantata No. 87," which, he states, is a little on the deep side, but to use our words, 'it really sends him.' In our estimation another excellent long-hair record is Jose Iturbi's rendition of "Claire De Lune" with "Liebestraum" on the other side of this Victor Red Seal disc.

Some of the latest platters are: Peggy Lee's "It's A Good Day" on Capitol... Frank Sinatra's "Rock-A-Bye-Island" on Columbia... "Jealousy" by the Three Sons on Decca... Tex Beneke's rendition of "Our Gal In Calico" on Victor.

Hey square! The Juke box is Jumpin' with "Ain't That Just Like A Woman" down at ye old College Nook. Gotta go... in fact, gotta hustle like a herd of turtles. Oh yes, see ya' next month and splatter some more patter.



"Promise you'll never smoke again in the lobby and I'll let you go."

Inkwell Magazine

KILROY'S KORNER



KILROY WALKS IN BEAUTY. Hop on to our magic carpet, men, and we'll swish you off for another visit to gay Armstrong.

Yes, we're taking another trip to America's beauty mecca, where girls from all parts of the country foregather to learn the rights and be the sights! The attributes needed to make a serious dent on this show spot are beauty of face, symmetry of figure, talent, personality and that certain something. Strange as it may seem, the big borough fairly teems with pulchritudinous HONEYS who offer every one of these attractive credentials. All are exquisite of form, lovely of face and so ambitious to succeed that their beings fairly radiate personality.

Thus, you see how hard-put Kilroy would be to select from this multitude of luscious creatures just a few who would typify the cream of the crop of Armstrong dwellers. Just think of how many doors he must tap, and how many beauties he must gaze upon before he can hope to bring you a single or a duet of sheer enchantment, which could be called "Kilroy's Stunners of The Month." Of course, the Beauty Contest on February 14, should narrow this enchanted passageway.

ORCHIDS AND PINCH BOTTLE TO—The closest friend anyone could ever have it that Scotchman, Nelson Haslem... He used to be so close at times that he started frying his bacon in Lux to keep it from shrinking.

George "Lover" Isley has been singing a little ditty that's from the big city... "She Used To Be A School Teacher, But She Has No Class Now"... this man ain't no square from Delaware, but what can he mean? Jerry "Funnel" Cordell found the best way to make a dollar go a long way is to put it in an envelope and mail it to China.

ZOUNDS IN THE NIGHT. Big "brew funnellings" at Tybee with the Regular Fellow's Club doing the honors. Everybody was happy... even "Dangerous Dan" McGraw... Bridge becoming more and more popular and studies, as always, less and less. Big turnouts at basketball games? Maybe they should issue the "Silver A" for attending.

Advertisement: Ice-Cream Store—take home a brick, you might have company. Clothing Store... women ready to wear clothes... oh! well, I tried.

Intramural basketball league rolling right along, with the Loafers in the last slot... Moe "Water Wagon" Morrell, whose looks spell slow death for the "frills," has yet to find his first... The extra-curricular psychology that Fred Smith has been indulging in has finally paid off... got enough info to take out an intellect, or are we wrong? When you're blue and your head is in a whirl, and can't sleep at nights, for heaven sakes marry the girl... (dedicated to Alan Laird).

It happened at a local "refreshment" establishment... A party of three young men entered. One staggered across the floor toward the bar. Half-way there he fell and lay on the spot. The second made it to the bar, but collapsed across the high stool. The third member of the party made his entrance, sat at the bar and ordered. "Hey gimme two doubles with soda." The order was filled, but the bartender was inquisitive as to what was taking place and inquired, "Who gets these two shots?" The young man replied, "Why, me and my buddy there on the next stool." The bartender asked, "How about your friend lying there on the floor?" The boy concerned, replied, "Oh! don't give 'Nellie' anything he's gotta drive!"

ON THE WALLS, BASEBOARDS, AND EVERYWHERE. A Woman is credited with always having the last word, but it looks like some of them never get to the last word.

Johnny Lewis, a reformer, says any girl in a short skirt is in danger. Yet every man looks after her. Some woman a-way out west has just cremated her fourth husband. That's always the way... some women just have men to burn. A naturalist says wild life is disappearing... he should try staying out late at night. According to statisticians, (the noseys guys!), seventy per cent of the American women wore silk underwear before the war... By the way, what other kinds are there? Howard Johnson is one of the guys who took a pledge on New Year's Day and is still adhering to the resolution to cut down drinking 50 per cent... he now eliminates the soda... hmmm!

When a man thinks women don't understand him it's usually because she does... ain't it the awful truth. A fellow's shoes were stolen in a local night club... at least that's different, for you usually lose your shirt! Give a woman an inch and she looks upon herself as a whole ruler. If you never can make up your mind maybe it's because you haven't much to work with!

THE SWAN SONG. Before I close for this month I would like to announce that anyone who still owes me money for insulting their enemies in this column must pay up before the next issue... otherwise, I will not let them cut paper dolls in my office anymore... so here's looking at you, women... providing we don't lose our minds... **KILROY**...

Three

Fashion 'n' Moore Fashion

SNAFU

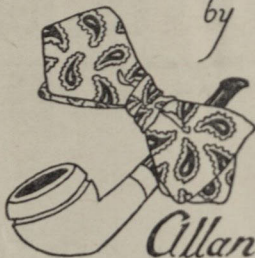
(Continued from Page 2)

in front of the Registrar's door. The new student, about to embark on this great adventure cannot help cheerily hollering "Howdy" to them. They stone him in an amiable fashion.

The first words the Registrar speaks to the freshman as he enters the office are, "I want you to know that I'm your friend." The freshman licks the Registrar's hand gratefully. "I wonder," asks the Registrar, "if you realize how important this moment is?" "Oh! I do, sir, I do!" "Shut up when I am talking to you," replies the Registrar. "You must make yourself a well-rounded individual through college life. Betty Grable went to college. Now here are your first quarter courses: Japanese Government, British Government, Hebrew, Modern Philosophy, First Aid, Public Health, Animal Psychology, Abnormal Psychology and Statistical Sociology. You may choose your P. E. course. You have your choice of P. E. 237, which is Advanced Lacrosse, or P. E. 349, which is Elementary Lasso. Also you shall name now, a book you will read during the year, which you will be required to make a report on. However, I think *The Case Of The New Gnu* will be satisfactory. Well, young man, congratulations. You are a full-fledged student." As the freshman departs, his face is flushed with emotion. He says, "I have only one thing to say, sir." "Yes," shouts the kind gentleman, "what is it?" "No gnus is good gnus," says the new student as he rushes to make his first class with Wilhelm Dabble in Abnormal Psychology.



Lida



Allan

I thought it would be fun to know a man's choice of women's fads or fashions. I asked this question of the opposing gender (men always oppose everything): "How should your Valentine be dressed?"

Bud Fonts likes a "... Dress with a high neck, that fits like a banana peel to mid-hips and flares out from there." Just about anything pleases Jim Mallory. John Lewis likes feminine-pink jersey. Harry Slotin: "... A sharp suit topped off with a turtle-neck blouse." Everything Mrs. Branche wears suits Johnnie. Grady Kicklighter: "... A dress draped to give the effect of a small waist."

Surrounded by three girls in green, Dexter Evans diplomatically gave green as his favorite. Crazy creations women call hats amaze Bill Brunner. President Hawes' Valentine has soft, curly hair. Jack Bergman's ideal wears a knee-length black dress with short sleeves and a V-neck; at the neck wears a choker. "Hamp" Paine will have his eye on a short red dress.

Gordon Durrence likes Joan (nough said) in a pretty, black dress. Evening dresses attract Dewey Delettre and George Upchurch. "Brings out the best in a girl," George says. Joe Clements' favorite was a combination of a chartreuse blouse with a navy-blue skirt ... high-heeled slippers, too.

It's a green polka-dot dress for Bill Harmon. Bob Richards is surprised with something new everytime he dates her.

Mr. Dabney likes animation in the expression of his Valentine's dress. Alan Laird: "... Frills, lace and bourbon perfume." Robert Wilson, Tom Pearson and Dewey Prince would see two-piece bathing suits. (Oh, oh, this cold weather, too.)

Bill Reid likes girls in dungarees. (Is that "Flip" Bill?) Short dresses in winter and shorts in summer interest Lance Mackey. "Make mine chocolate," says Mercer Berry. Translate that, please, Mr. Berry.

George Brannen likes stocking-less stockings (decipher that one, if you can). Bob Lester says a neat, tailored, black date-dress makes a girl look chic ... And peasant styles and soft, fluffy blouses bring out the femininity in a lady.

That sharp looking coat you see on Howard Johnson (Frankie, that is) is a leisure jacket. That's my boy. Jackets with tweed fronts and pastel sleeves and backs are the vogue this season and can be seen everywhere.

Sweaters? Oh! yes. Have you seen the yellow one Alan Laird is sporting? A diamond pattern of blue cord on the front of it lifts the sweater far out of the 'ordinary class.' By the way, Julian Silver has a sleeveless just like it. Tell

me where you find these things, will ya? You'll find Bob Harmon (hi, gorgeous) wearing a good looking beige and tweed sweater ... gee, do the girls go for that ... the sweater, stupid!

Speaking of leisure jackets, George Isley evidently came into a fortune. That beige, camel's-hair coat of his must have cost a pretty penny ... and Fred Kessler in that suede-leather sport coat; say fellow, you are well-dressed aren't you?

And now the "Latash bargains in suits, customer" ... or, "I Can Get It For You Wholesale." Most of our customers wear their styles to the basketball games or elsewhere. With his date, the proud male walks into the gym, displaying his new store-bought, double-breasted suit. A long-rolled lapel that ends at the button typifies this popular style.

Jack Durrence was wearing a smooth item at one of the recent dances ... a grey, single-breasted suit with an English-rolled lapel. The lapel was hand stitched, the coat extra long and with patch pockets. That filling station of his must be paying off!

Oh! sorry. Have to run now. Customer just came in ... hey, Sammy, toin on da green lights, da costumer wants a green shirt!

SOME WRITTEN STUFF

Alvin Galin

Between the lectures ... Brownie's supplements ... with hot coffee, dunking rolls and talk of the week-end's frolic, last night's fancies, and of tomorrow evening's anticipations ... the foregoing excerpts are purely imaginative ... any resemblance to students attending this institution is coincidence.

On Saturday nights ... the collegians' paradise ... when the thought of lessons are as far distant as they are far gone ... when brew becomes knowledge and the absorption of knowledge goes far to the excess of Aristotle's "golden mean" ... when time is told not by bells, but from sundown to the last empty ... and never come Monday ... but dawn ... and comes Monday ... and knowledge aches ... memories vague ... and aspirins ... and the books burst into flames ... and the fire burns.

During class ... when the instructor asks for the answer to the only question one has overlooked ... how automatically and slow one's posterior slides to the edge of one's seat ... the release of tension on one's spine and mind when instructor calls on someone else to recite ... and the hums and haws come from another body.

The collegians that line the administrative steps by parking there during off times of the morning ... retelling to one another the same jokes cracked on the same programs that each listened to the night before.

Seems, with head given this copy, "Some Written Stuff," which could cover anything and everything, one might be able to think of something else to scribble ... but this one can't.

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